



Ingrid Off Grid



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Chapter 1 by Addie

No one knew where she came from. No one cared. They just wanted her to leave. That is...everyone but me. I found her interesting, and eventually, I fell in love with her.

Her thick, wavy hair, tumbled down her back like rich potting-soil, and her eyes matched the lush forest that grew wild within her mind. She spoke in beautifully complex riddles and poems, and the only one that completely understood her was Oliver. Oliver was a barn owl. She saw things differently than the rest of us, and she didn't care that she was different. Her's is a sad and beautiful story, but I'll start from the beginning.

It was the 1st day of 9th grade when we noticed her. She was hard to miss. While most kids wore jeans and sweatshirts to school, she wore a bright red and white polka dotted dress with mud boots. They were bright blue with thin white stripes. Her hair had been tightly french braided against her head, and she didn't wear any makeup. But she was beautiful. That's why most of the girls hated her, because she was uniquely gorgeous without even trying. She was short and muscular, with tan, graham cracker skin, and she smiled everywhere she went. Her smile was one of the most beautiful things on the face of the Earth.

She seemed right at home, as if she had gone to Crestwood High School her whole life. However, that was not the case. I later found out that she had moved from Duluth Minnesota, and her dad was an insurance agent. She didn't have a mother. Her three younger sisters got whatever they wanted, so she was used to things not going her way.

She skipped into each class without a care in the world, and raised her hand for every question, as if all of the jealous, beady stares radiating from other students, didn't exist. She smiled and

said hi to anyone that would look at her, and a few kids said hi back. I had Advanced English, Science and Lunch with her, and I couldn't force my eyes off of her. She seemed to radiate joy, and I found myself smiling at her enthusiasm.

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All throughout the school day, my brain was screaming at me to talk to her, but my heart raced every time I got too close, so I would back away. I wasn't exactly in love, but my heart raced out of fear. She was unknown to me. She was like foreign land that no one knew anything about, and I wasn't going to be the first one to discover that she was really a treatorous mountainside, full of snakes, mosquitoes, and mountain lions. I tried to tell myself that she was dangerous, and that I had no good reason to talk to her, but I simply couldn't resist her freckled smile.

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